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EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES:



1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Bottles and Vases. 6. Prepared Funeral Feast. 7. Cakes. 8. Support for the Head.
9. Head of a Boat. 10. Mason's Mallet.

Vol. XXVIII.

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EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES:

DOMESTIC ARTS.

THE prefixed page, the second of its kind, in the present volume of the *Mirror*, (see page 97,) presents miscellaneous objects illustrative of the domestic economy of the Egyptians. They are derived from the same source as the previously-engraved specimens, —viz. the collection formed by Mr. James Burton, during his recent travels in Egypt. These relics must be interesting to every one who cherishes respect for the ingenuity of past ages: they take us back to the homes and habits of the most extraordinary people of ancient times, among whom the earliest arts of life were cradled; and, not the least observable circumstance connected with such relics, is the close resemblance they bear to the domestic implements of our own times.

Fig. 1, represents a Vase Bottle, of red terra cotta, of beautiful shape; 13 inches high.

Fig. 2.—A remarkably fine and perfect, long-necked Vase, with handle; 16 inches high.

Fig. 3.—A Sepulchral Vase, with the human head as the cover; in the centre are hieroglyphics; 15 inches high: this vase contains much of the substance originally deposited in it, enveloped in linen.

Fig. 4.—A very elegantly-shaped Vase, with four handles; 14 inches high.

Fig. 5.—An Amphora, or vessel for containing wine; 3 feet high.

Fig. 6.—A prepared Funereal Feast, emblematic of the profusion of the deceased; consisting of Two Ducks or Water-fowl, trussed exactly as now in our kitchens, upon the original Stand on which they were found, composed of cane and the papyrus plant; accompanied with a Dessert, comprising Cakes of different forms, made of coarsely-ground corn; and Fruits, namely Dom Apples, Pomegranates, Dates, Onions, Raisins, and Figs of the Sycamore-tree. These most extraordinary funereal objects were found in a private tomb at Thebes: they have been purchased for the British Museum for 15*l*.

Fig. 7.—Five Cakes, of various shapes, having formed portions of similar collections.

Fig. 8.—A Kora, or support for the head, upon six uprights.

Fig. 9.—The Figure-head of a Boat, representing the head of Hathor, ornamented and surmounted with the globe and horns; 11½ inches high. This is an exceedingly curious object, and was found in a workman's shop at Thebes: the face of the Deity has evidently been covered with gold leaf; and, in front, appear to be hieroglyphics, containing two "Cartouches," and many of the symbolic ornaments of the same artisan are seen attached to it by the fire.

Fig. 10.—A Mason's Mallet, which has been much used, and is an object of great

rarity. This, together with a Plasterers' Brush, and another tool, was found in forming a trench above the tomb of Osirei, or Belzoni's Tomb, to turn off the mountain torrents. A mound of the rubbish, which had been excavated from the tomb, was cut through, and many pots of colour, with brushes, &c., were found at the same time.

The whole of Mr. Burton's collection was sold by auction, by Messrs. Sotheby in July last, and produced between eleven and twelve hundred pounds.

Reverting to the forms of the vases on the preceding page, we are inclined to the opinion of Champollion, as follows: "It is evident to me, as it must be to all who have thoroughly examined Egypt, or have an accurate knowledge of the Egyptian monuments existing in Europe, that the arts commenced in Greece by a servile imitation of the arts of Egypt, much more advanced than is vulgarly believed, at the period at which the first Egyptian colonies came in contact with the savage inhabitants of Attica, or the New Peloponnesus. Without Egypt, Greece would, probably, never have become the classical land of the fine arts. Such is my entire belief on this great problem."

MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES:

PYRAMIDS OF TROTTHUALCAN.

THE following communication from Lieutenant Glennie, giving an account of a visit which he made from Mexico to the pyramids of Teotihuacan, was read a short time since at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society:—The largest pyramid is seven hundred and twenty-seven feet square at its base, and two hundred and twenty-one feet high, with two of its sides parallel to the meridian. A rampart of about thirty feet in height, surrounds this pyramid, at the distance of three hundred and fifty feet from its base; on the north side of which are the remains of a flight of steps, covered with a white cement, with a road leading from them in a northerly direction. The remains of steps, covered with a white cement, were also found on the pyramids, as well as broad terraces extending across the sides. There are upwards of two hundred pyramids, of various dimensions, surrounding the large one. They are constructed with volcanic stones, and plaster from the adjacent soil, and are coated with white cement. The ground between their bases seems formerly to have been occupied as streets, being also covered with the same sort of cement. A smaller pyramid than that above described, was covered with a kind of broken pottery, ornamented with various figures and devices.

W. G. C.

Select Biography.

JOHN BANNISTER, ESQ.

THIS once-celebrated comedian died on the 7th inst., in the 77th year of his age. He was the son of Charles Bannister, of facitious memory, not less celebrated as a vocalist and actor, than for his qualities as a *bon vivant* and wit, as his many recorded *bon mots* attest. His son, to whom he had given a tolerable education, exhibited an early genius for painting, and wishing to follow it as a profession, his grandmother applied to a lady of her acquaintance, who recommended him to Mr. Garrick, to procure him a proper master; and, for this purpose, she took her little *protégé* to breakfast with the dramatic monarch. Struck with his appearance, Garrick desired him to repeat some passages from Shakspeare, in which he acquitted himself so well as to be honoured with his warmest encomiums. This success left so indelible an impression on the mind of our tyro, that he presented a *fac-simile* sketch of it to the public in his *Budget*, and often to his private friends. Garrick, who was at this time writing the *Maid of the Oaks*, introduced a part expressly for young Bannister, which, however, he declined, preferring rather to pursue his studies under Louthembourg, who, at Garrick's solicitation, consented to receive him as a pupil, on the payment of 200*l.* This sum his father being unable to pay, his kind patroness, the lady before-mentioned, consented to advance; but, alas! on her errand of benevolence, she fell speechless and insensible from her carriage, and in that state remained for two days, when she expired. Bannister then became a student of the Royal Academy, where he made some progress in drawing, particularly of heads, upon which when he wanted cash, (which was not seldom,) he used to add some few touches, and present them to his parent, (no very expert judge of the art,) as new ones, in the hope of receiving the promised reward of a shilling, which made the latter exclaim, one night when he more than usually importuned him by pointing out the various beauties of his performances:—"Why, Jack, you are just like an ordinary; come when you will, it is a shilling a head." His father's circumstances being at this time considerably straightened, young Bannister availed himself of Garrick's renewed offer of engagement, and being instructed by him in the part, he, in 1778, appeared for the first time in public at the Haymarket Theatre, for his father's benefit, as *Dick* in the *Apprentice*, and acquitted himself successfully. The following winter he performed *Zaphna*, in *Mahomet*, to the *Palmyra* of Mrs. Robinson the celebrated *Pordita*, with increasing ap-

probation, and the town pronounced him to be a promising, tragic actor. About this time, there was a coalition of the two, large theatres, when our hero played *Dorilus* in *Merope*, and *Achmet* in *Barbarossa*, at Covent-garden. For two or three following seasons, he occasionally appeared in *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, and other parts in tragedy, but without making any great strides towards fame or fortune, until, by good chance, he obtained an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, then under the management of the elder Colman, and appeared as *Gradus*, in Mrs. Cowley's farce of *Who's the Dupe?* in which he is said to have so delighted the town, and Parsons, the comedian, in particular, that he called him his "son," and by his "fatherly" care and protection, afterwards promoted his success in every possible way. Bannister remained for some years longer at Drury-lane, when the stage management devolving on Mr. King, that gentleman assigned him the part of *Dabble*, in *The Humorist*, in which he so eminently succeeded as ever afterwards, excepting upon some especial occasions, to eschew the bunkin and adhere exclusively to the sock; a resolution in which his after success in Edwin's characters of *Lingo*, *Bowkit*, *Peeping Tom*, and others, fully confirmed him. About this time, Bannister married Miss Harpur, then celebrated as a singer.

It would be impossible in the present sketch, to trace this great, public favourite through the various scenes of his success, or to enumerate the many characters which marked his career as an actor; but a few which occur to us it may not be unacceptable to mention:—*Walter*, in the *Children in the Wood*, has had no adequate representative since he quitted the stage; nor are *La Gloire*, *Ben*, *Sadi*, *Whimsicula*, *Trudge*, *Michael*, *Lenitive*, *Acres*, *Leopold*, *Dick*, *Brass*, *Colonel Feignwell*, *Job Thornbury*, *Pangloss*, or *Sylvester Daggerwood*, better filled. His acting combined much eccentric whim with exceeding jollity—and with the greatest humour he could blend the deepest pathos. "He was," says a critic, "the last actor whom we remember enjoying a kind of personal feeling with his auditors without resorting to buffoonery. It has been said of some comic actor, that immediately on his *entrée* he shook hands with every spectator from the first seat in the pit to the back of the gallery; but Bannister created a different feeling—that sort of feeling that is created when a gentleman of approved worth comes into a circle of society. When he had to deliver a good sentiment, the spectators felt as if they knew it was the natural impulse of the mind; and they felt, in all cases of emergency, not only for the character, but for honest Jack Bannister." *Elia*, speaking of him and Suett, says:—"Jack Bannister and

he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any other actor before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more beloved for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions. Dicky was more liked for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of *Walter*, in the *Children in the Wood*—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakespeare says of Love, 'too young to know what conscience is.'

Bannister retired from the stage, after thirty-seven years' active and successful career: on this occasion, he performed *Echo*, in the *World*, and the favourite part of *Walter*.

A few years previous, Bannister gave an entertainment at Freemason's Hall, and afterwards throughout the provinces, with great success, called *Bannister's Budget*, the prototype of the many *At Homes*, since so popular, from the lamented Mathews. He was also, for some years, the master of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund.

Bannister lived in the enjoyment of an extensive circle of friends of the highest character and respectability, by whom he was cherished and beloved; and until a very few months of his decease, excepting only the occasional visitations of the gout, he enjoyed a green, old age, and, in the society of his friends, "fought his battles o'er again," with a vigour and effect which never tired them or himself.

His amiable consort survives him. His family consisted of two sons and four daughters, of whom all but one daughter survive. In testimony of his great, private worth, we cannot more appropriately conclude this sketch than by the following quotation from the last edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. xx., pp. 243—4, extracted from the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1826, in notice of Boaden's *Life of Kemble*, and Kelly's *Reminiscences*, of which paper Sir Walter is acknowledged to have been the writer:—

"There is Jack Bannister, honest Jack, who, in private character, as upon the stage, formed so excellent a representation of the national character of Old England—Jack Bannister, whom even footpads could not find it in their heart to injure.* There he is, with his noble locks, now as remarkable when covered with snow as when their dark honours curled around his manly face, singing to his grandchildren the ditties which used to call down the rapture of crowded theatres in thunders of applause."—*Abridged from the Morning Herald*.

* This distinguished performer and host of good fellows, was actually stopped one evening by two footpads, who, recognising in his person the general favourite of the English audience, begged his pardon, and wished him good night. Horace's wolf was a joke to this.

Anecdote Gallery.

THE LAST DAYS OF MADAME DE BERIOT.

(Concluded from page 309.)

On Tuesday, she was worse, in great pain, and often exclaiming, "Oh, doctor, for the love of God, help me!" I could see that his heart was wrung with her piteous appeals.

On Wednesday, she rallied again, and begged De Beriot would bring her jewels, that I might sort them, and put them away under her direction. He did so, and left us together thus employed, to take his walk with the doctor.

"What a number of rings you have!" I observed. "They are most of them presents from friends," she replied. "You cannot possibly remember the names of all the donors," was my answer. "Indeed I do," she exclaimed with vivacity; "there is not one but I remember. They even recall names and dates which would otherwise escape my memory. This ring was given me by Mrs. Knyvett—this one at Naples—my husband presented me this set on our marriage—these were given at Lucca—but I have nothing half so valuable as many singers. My trinkets are principally endeared to me from circumstances."

When we had finished our little task, she reclined back again, whilst I wrote some letters.

That evening I spoke to Monsieur De Beriot of my hopes of her recovery; and offered, in case he kept his engagement at Liverpool, that I would return after the festival at Worcester to nurse his wife.

He thanked me most fervently, but said that he had no right to expect such a service from me. I assured him I loved her so sincerely, that I thought no sacrifice too great for her sake; that I looked upon her as a daughter, and could not bear that she should be left without a female friend; and it was agreed that if she were well enough to allow of his leaving her, I was to return on the first of October. I mention this to show how little we either of us then anticipated a fatal result.

On the morrow, (Thursday,) the symptoms were not so good. The fever, it is true, was not so strong, and the cough had left her entirely; but there was a restless movement of the head, a stupor in the countenance, that alarmed me; and when I left her at night, she returned not my caresses as she had ever done before, and I went away hoping against hope.

Still I could not, would not, believe that this dear creature was so soon to die. So young, so unbroken by disease, so capable of giving and receiving pleasure, so loving and so loved.

I was to leave Manchester with Clara, at twelve on Friday, on our way to Worcester;

but I went about ten o'clock to the Moseley Arms. Great God! what a change had a few hours wrought! She was lying nearly insensible, her hair cut off, and vinegar with water were applied to her temples. Her eyes were closed, and she constantly turned her head from side to side.

Alas! I saw too plainly that death was rapidly approaching; yet when poor De Beriot, weeping abundantly, said, "Alas! Mrs. Novello, you will never see poor Maria again," I cheered him with hopes which I did not myself entertain.

Some kind friends waited at the coach-office to bid us farewell. They were shocked to see me appear in tears. "Nothing but a miracle can save her!" was my exclamation. The dismay was universal, so great an interest had she excited. The coach was even detained a quarter of an hour, that I might have the latest intelligence.

Alas! the sad news, that she was no more, reached me but too soon, at Worcester.

Thus died this incomparable, this wonderfully gifted woman. That her husband could be either ungenerous or unkind, I do not believe. During the whole of her illness, I witnessed his assiduous attention to her every wish. With the tenderness of a woman, he combined the fondness of a lover; chafing her hands and feet, administering her medicine, and murmuring a thousand grateful endearments to soothe and console her.

It was remarked that he did not hang round her whilst she was ill in the ante-room; but some husbands are chary of demonstrating affection in public; they hold it too sacred a feeling for display; but, in proportion, are prodigal of love even to idolatry when alone with the beloved object: and never have I met with a woman so capable of inspiring a lasting and intense passion as his matchless wife. So beautiful and playful, so full of genius, devotion, and disinterestedness—her very faults had charms, for if she uttered an impatient word, her sweet smile, the pressure of her hand, instantly stoned, and you felt to love her better than ever. She was indeed a realization of the poet's dream of female perfection, a specimen of nature's handiwork, excelling the utmost imagining of fiction.

I cannot conclude without expressing a hope that some musical honours may be paid to her memory in London; a requiem or solemn dirge chanted in her commemoration, and a monument erected in the most public place, which may recall to every passer-by the memory of one so beloved and lamented.—MARY SABILLA NOVELLO.

Musical World.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW ZEALAND FLAX.

(Continued from page 313.)

"THE Phormium tenax appears to have been originally brought to Ireland in the year 1798. I have seen it both in the south and north, and from the latter obtained my specimens. It has been reared in gardens in Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Louth, Dublin, and Wicklow; and in the south of Ireland, was, only on one occasion, triflingly affected by frost, where it had been cultivated for thirty years. Ireland seems indeed to be a country pre-eminently calculated for the cultivation of this truly estimable plant. Myriads of long lost acres reclaimed from swamps and marshes, in the Sister Island, might be compelled to return into 'the bosom of the reaper' an abundant and profitable harvest. Captain Harris, whose exertions in this field of benevolence are beyond all praise, has already pointed out the mine, and shown the excellence of the ore, and I cannot do better than quote his own words:—'The relative position of the two countries upon the globe, and the similarity of the climate of New Zealand to that of Ireland, induced me to conclude that the Phormium tenax might be successfully cultivated in Ireland. The experiments that have been made at my suggestion in Ireland, for some years, have been conducted on a scale which, however small, is abundantly conclusive of the fact, that this plant thrives luxuriantly, and readily acclimatizes, even in situations less favourable than might have been selected.' According to Captain Harris, the Phormium tenax, cultivated in Ireland, produces from three to four hundred leaves from one plant; some of the leaves measuring nearly eight feet in length, and he adds, 'plants of the Phormium tenax have flourished, in the most exposed situations, for four years, throughout inclement winters, at the distance of ten miles from Dublin.' Captain Harris estimates the produce of an acre at from three to four tons of fibre. The price of Phormium tenax flax in the British market is variable; it has been as low as 18s. per ton, and as high as 25s., so the average price may be about 20 guineas per ton; and after making every allowance for contingencies, there remains no doubt that an acre of good ground, properly cropped with plants, and well cultivated, would produce, at the most moderate computation, two tons and a half of New Zealand flax, worth 50s. sterling, a most profitable return; and it should never be forgotten, that the plant is perennial, requiring only to be supplied with manure, and the ground freed from weeds, by hoeing, &c. In these times of peace, the price of foreign hemp and flax has varied from

30*l.* to 50*l.* a ton : and, during the war, has risen as high as 70*l.* to 120*l.* a ton.

"That the *Phormium tenax* will succeed well on the soil and in the climate of England, will be proved by an extract, which I may cite in confirmation, from a letter with which I have been favoured by Mr. Walters, of Bath Easton:—'I saw a plant of the *Phormium tenax* last summer, in a gentleman's garden, near Bristol, from whence numerous offsets might easily have been taken, and I obtained one which I potted, and exhibited at the Horticultural Meeting at Bath, accompanied by a specimen of the flax and twine obtained at Bristol; and the plant, being a novelty, was much admired. It was afterwards transferred to a border in my garden, where it has succeeded wonderfully, the leaves being nearly five feet in length, and four inches in breadth.'

"M. M. Faujas de St. Fond and Freycinet, with others, have endeavoured to cultivate the *Phormium tenax*, and it has succeeded to a limited extent in the south of France. It seems well adapted for an insular climate, or the sea coast; where the rigours of climate, and the sudden transitions already referred to, seem to be tempered, or subdued by the genial breeze of the ocean.

"According to Salisbury, *Phormium tenax* plants, about three years old, will yield, on an average, 36 leaves, besides offsets from the roots; and the leaves being cut down in autumn, other leaves spring up anew in the ensuing summer. Six leaves have produced one ounce weight of dry available fibres, after being scutched and cleaned; therefore, one plant of 36 leaves will yield six ounces of good flax—an acre cropped with these plants, according to Salisbury, three feet apart, will yield more than 16 cwt. The leaves are cut when full grown, macerated in water for a few days, and then passed under a weighted roller. The parent plant should be four years old before the offsets are separated, and the month of May is the best season for this purpose. Salisbury's estimate is evidently a *minimum*, and the specimen on which he has founded his calculations must have been of the most unfavourable description. In New Zealand, the leaves may be cut down three times a year, and thus three successive crops may be obtained in one season: in Jamaica, and other tropical countries, the same exuberant return may be fully calculated on. I am glad to find that Mr. Crossley, of 'Olive Mount,' near Liverpool, seriously entertains the project of cultivating this 'fine plant' on his estates in Jamaica, and if the information as to its culture, I had it in my power to impart, be found of practical use, I shall rejoice in having contributed my mite to aid the patriotic enterprise.

"As soon as the *Phormium tenax*, agree-

able to the description given by Rutherford, is cut down, the natives of New Zealand carry it home, while yet green. It is then scraped with a large muscle-shell, and the cellular substance and investing membrane or epidermis being thus removed, the fibrous part is separated by the thumb-nails, which the New Zealanders suffer to elongate for this special purpose. Combs are, however, almost entirely employed for a still more minute separation, and the leaf is sometimes held during the process between the toes. The combs employed on these occasions are not dissimilar to those employed by our wool-combers; the fibres are subsequently bleached in the sun, and become as white as snow. This plant has been prepared in Norfolk Island, under the directions of Governor King; and since that period, in considerable quantities in New South Wales, where it has also been cultivated.

"As to the question of the durability of fabrics manufactured from *Phormium tenax*, on which some degree of scepticism has been ventured, it may be added, that Captain Harris has worn the shawl from whence my specimen was obtained, upwards of *twenty years* in tropical countries, and it has been used as an article of dress in this country two years: the texture seems to be altogether unimpaired, and, from its present appearance, promises an almost interminable duration.

"M. Faujas de St. Fond's process for obtaining the flax is sufficiently simple. He dissolves 3 lbs. of soap in a sufficient quantity of water, and adds 25 lbs. weight of the split leaves, tied up in bundles. After these have been boiled for five hours, they are afterwards washed in running water. For the following method I am indebted to my friend Mr. J. W. Wilson, an eminent bleacher, of Barnsley, to whom I freely acknowledge my many obligations for his repeated valuable communications. The leaves being cut down, when the tips begin to fade and separate, are bound into parcels, steeped in boiling water for an hour and a half, beetled gently, and afterwards soaked in water at a temperature of about 110° F.; and, when subsequently washed with soap, a fine white fibre is obtained: it is finally bleached with chloride of lime.

"The fibres of this valuable plant seem, under proper treatment, to be susceptible of extreme subdivision and tenuity. I have in my possession a specimen of the flax prepared in this country, the fibres of which are extremely fine, and very soft and silky—such indeed as might safely be brought into competition with some of the finest varieties of continental flax in the British market. 'These, and some other vegetable fibres,' Captain Harris observes, 'produce a texture resembling that of silk, cotton, and flax; possessing the softness, flexi-

bility, and lightness of the vegetable, and nearly equalling the lustre of the animal production. They may be woven into fabrics of every description, and may be made into lace. They may be wrought as a substitute for silk, into tapestry, damask, and upholstery, with a lustre not much inferior to silk. It is quite remarkable with what rapidity the fibre may be made to pass all its intermediate processes: the plant may be shorn of its leaves in the morning, and before the sun has set, be ready for weaving into cloth.

"My own experiments corroborate the remarks made by Mr. Wilson to me, namely, that the fibres of Phormium tenax are sufficiently absorbent and retentive of colour. I have imparted a fine yellow colour, and also a fawn colour, to both Phormium tenax and musa textilis, both permanent; and I venture to predict that, as their value becomes better known, their superior excellence will eventually be more highly appreciated.

"The strength of the fibre of Phormium tenax is quite extraordinary: according to Labillardiere, the comparative strengths of various fibres are as follow:—Agave Americana, 7; Flax, 11½; Hemp, 16½; Phormium tenax, 23 7-10; and Silk, 24; so that it will be seen by this comparative estimate, that the New Zealand flax is almost as strong as silk, and very far surpasses that of hemp; indeed, a rope formed entirely of Phormium tenax, proved by the breaking machine, bore nearly double the strain of Russian hemp.

"I have seen specimens of ropes, twine, yarn, lines, sail-cloth, sacking, bed-tick, &c., made of Phormium tenax; also finer fabrics of various kinds, affording demonstrable evidence that its fibre is susceptible of being woven into tissues of the most delicate description, or manufactured into materials of the strongest and coarsest kind. The sails, cables, and running rigging of the beautiful model of the frigate, presented by his Majesty William the Fourth to the King of Prussia, were entirely formed from Phormium tenax. Captain Harris's yacht, a perfect gem in naval architecture, is supplied with a mainsail composed of three different varieties of New Zealand flax, and the cordage is made of musa textilis.

"The quantity of Phormium tenax or New Zealand flax imported into England, viz Sydney, in the year 1828, amounted to only 60 tons; but in 1830, the imports into Sydney for the English market were 841 tons; and in 1831, the quantity reached 1,062 tons; and I believe has, at this moment, not less than 300 tons. Government so far encouraged the importation that, if I am not misinformed, the New Zealand flax was admitted free of duty, before that import was removed from European hemp;

and I trust this fact forms a well-grounded assurance of a sincere anxiety to encourage an importation connected with the best interests of the community.

"A manufactory of Phormium tenax, for fabrics of various kinds, prepared with a solution for which Captain Harris obtained a patent, was opened at Great Grimaby, in 1831, and is now flourishing.

"It is wonderful to what degree of tenacity the fibre of flax has been carried and extended by the improved process recently introduced, of passing the 'roving,' as it is called, through hot water. I am informed that one pound of flax has been spun, in the kingdom of Westphalia, into yarn so fine as to extend upwards of seventy English miles; indeed, Mr. Marshall, of Leeds, in this country, has nearly approached that degree of fineness. The finest linen yarn yet spun and prepared by machinery is 240 'leas,' or about 60,000 yards to the pound weight of 16 ounces; valued at one pound sterling for 60,000 yards, or one pound weight of flax when spun into yarn. At that rate, the price of the yarn would be 2,240l. per ton; the original cost of the flax being two hundred guineas.

"I have a beautiful specimen of flax prepared from Phormium tenax, that might vie with the finest samples of Flemish flax; and of this last I have one valued at 200l. per ton, such as is spun into yarn on the continent for the ordinary kinds of French and Brussels lace. I am told that the finest description of flax is cultivated under cover in Westphalia, and in all probability there is a finer variety of the flax (linum) than that in ordinary cultivation. I was informed in some of the Italian markets, that a kind of flax, called *lino monochino*, was originally obtained from Bavaria, and, from its superior fineness, always secured the highest price. It has been said that there have been specimens of linen thread, the value of which has exceeded its weight in gold! but there is to be seen at Valenciennes, in France, two pounds weight of flaxen thread intended for the finest specimens of French lace, valued at two hundred and fifty pounds sterling! and the length of this thread is 2,390,800 feet—less than one-ninth of the radius or semidiameter of the globe."

THE NEW LIGHT FOR ARTISTS.

A LECTURE has recently been delivered by Mr. Bachhaffner, at the Artists' Society, on the subject of a pure, white light produced from the ignition of the oxygen and hydrogen gases in a mixed state on a surface of white lime. The lecturer enumerated a number of disadvantages attendant upon the use of carburetted hydrogen gas, among which were the following: the very impure nature of the

he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any other actor before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions. Dicky was more *liked* for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of *Walter*, in the *Children in the Wood*—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakespeare says of Love, 'too young to know what conscience is.'

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His amiable consort survives him. His family consisted of two sons and four daughters, of whom all but one daughter survive. In testimony of his great, private worth, we cannot more appropriately conclude this sketch than by the following quotation from the last edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. xx., pp. 243—4, extracted from the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1826, in notice of Boaden's *Life of Kemble*, and Kelly's *Reminiscences*, of which paper Sir Walter is acknowledged to have been the writer:—

"There is Jack Bannister, honest Jack, who, in private character, as upon the stage, formed so excellent a representation of the national character of Old England—Jack Bannister, whom even footpads could not find it in their heart to injure.* There he is, with his noble locks, now as remarkable when covered with snow as when their dark honours curled around his manly face, singing to his grandchildren the ditties which used to call down the rapture of crowded theatres in thunders of applause."—*Abridged from the Morning Herald*.

* This distinguished performer and best of good fellows, was actually stopped one evening by two footpads, who, recognising in his person the general favourite of the English audience, begged his pardon, and wished him good night. Horace's wolf was a joke to this.

Anecdote Gallery.

THE LAST DAYS OF MADAME DE BERIOT.

(Concluded from page 309.)

On Tuesday, she was worse, in great pain, and often exclaiming, "Oh, doctor, for the love of God, help me!" I could see that his heart was wrung with her piteous appeals.

On Wednesday, she rallied again, and begged De Beriot would bring her jewels, that I might sort them, and put them away under her direction. He did so, and left us together thus employed, to take his walk with the doctor.

"What a number of rings you have!" I observed. "They are most of them presents from friends," she replied. "You cannot possibly remember the names of all the donors," was my answer. "Indeed I do," she exclaimed with vivacity; "there is not one but I remember. They even recall names and dates which would otherwise escape my memory. This ring was given me by Mrs. Knyvelt—this one at Naples—my husband presented me this set on our marriage—these were given at Lucca—but I have nothing half so valuable as many singers. My trinkets are principally endeared to me from circumstances."

When we had finished our little task, she reclined back again, whilst I wrote some letters.

That evening I spoke to Monsieur De Beriot of my hopes of her recovery; and offered, in case he kept his engagement at Liverpool, that I would return after the festival at Worcester to nurse his wife.

He thanked me most fervently, but said that he had no right to expect such a service from me. I assured him I loved her so sincerely, that I thought no sacrifice too great for her sake; that I looked upon her as a daughter, and could not bear that she should be left without a female friend; and it was agreed that if she were well enough to allow of his leaving her, I was to return on the first of October. I mention this to show how little we either of us then anticipated a fatal result.

On the morrow, (Thursday,) the symptoms were not so good. The fever, it is true, was not so strong, and the cough had left her entirely; but there was a restless movement of the head, a stupor in the countenance, that alarmed me; and when I left her at night, she returned not my caresses as she had ever done before, and I went away hoping against hope.

Still I could not, would not, believe that this dear creature was so soon to die. So young, so unbroken by disease, so capable of giving and receiving pleasure, so loving and so loved.

I was to leave Manchester with Clara, at twelve on Friday, on our way to Worcester;

but I went about ten o'clock to the Moseley Arms. Great God! what a change had a few hours wrought! She was lying nearly insensible, her hair cut off, and vinegar with water were applied to her temples. Her eyes were closed, and she constantly turned her head from side to side.

Alas! I saw too plainly that death was rapidly approaching; yet when poor De Beriot, weeping abundantly, said, "Alas! Mrs. Novello, you will never see poor Maria again," I cheered him with hopes which I did not myself entertain.

Some kind friends waited at the coach-office to bid us farewell. They were shocked to see me appear in tears. "Nothing but a miracle can save her!" was my exclamation. The dismay was universal, so great an interest had she excited. The coach was even detained a quarter of an hour, that I might have the latest intelligence.

Alas! the sad news, that she was no more, reached me but too soon, at Worcester.

Thus died this incomparable, this wonderfully gifted woman. That her husband could be either ungenerous or unkind, I do not believe. During the whole of her illness, I witnessed his assiduous attention to her every wish. With the tenderness of a woman, he combined the fondness of a lover; chafing her hands and feet, administering her medicine, and murmuring a thousand grateful endearments to soothe and console her.

It was remarked that he did not hang round her whilst she was ill in the ante-room; but some husbands are chary of demonstrating affection in public; they hold it too sacred a feeling for display; but, in proportion, are prodigal of love even to idolatry when alone with the beloved object: and never have I met with a woman so capable of inspiring a lasting and intense passion as his matchless wife. So beautiful and playful, so full of genius, devotion, and disinterestedness—her very faults had charms, for if she uttered an impatient word, her sweet smile, the pressure of her hand, instantly atoned, and you felt to love her better than ever. She was indeed a realization of the poet's dream of female perfection, a specimen of nature's handiwork, excelling the utmost imagining of fiction.

I cannot conclude without expressing a hope that some musical honours may be paid to her memory in London; a requiem or solemn dirge chanted in her commemoration, and a monument erected in the most public place, which may recall to every passer-by the memory of one so beloved and lamented.—MARY SABILLA NOVELLO.

Musical World.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW ZEALAND FLAX.

(Concluded from page 313.)

"THE Phormium tenax appears to have been originally brought to Ireland in the year 1798. I have seen it both in the south and north, and from the latter obtained my specimens. It has been reared in gardens in Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Louth, Dublin, and Wicklow; and in the south of Ireland, was, only on one occasion, triflingly affected by frost, where it had been cultivated for thirty years. Ireland seems indeed to be a country pre-eminently calculated for the cultivation of this truly estimable plant. Myriads of long lost acres reclaimed from swamps and marshes, in the Sister Island, might be compelled to return into 'the bosom of the reaper' an abundant and profitable harvest. Captain Harris, whose exertions in this field of benevolence are beyond all praise, has already pointed out the mine, and shown the excellence of the ore, and I cannot do better than quote his own words:—'The relative position of the two countries upon the globe, and the similarity of the climate of New Zealand to that of Ireland, induced me to conclude that the Phormium tenax might be successfully cultivated in Ireland. The experiments that have been made at my suggestion in Ireland, for some years, have been conducted on a scale which, however small, is abundantly conclusive of the fact, that this plant thrives luxuriantly, and readily acclimatizes, even in situations less favourable than might have been selected.' According to Captain Harris, the Phormium tenax, cultivated in Ireland, produces from three to four hundred leaves from one plant; some of the leaves measuring nearly eight feet in length, and he adds, 'plants of the Phormium tenax have flourished, in the most exposed situations, for four years, throughout inclement winters, at the distance of ten miles from Dublin.' Captain Harris estimates the produce of an acre at from three to four tons of fibre. The price of Phormium tenax flax in the British market is variable; it has been as low as 18*l.* per ton, and as high as 25*l.*, so the average price may be about 20 guineas per ton; and after making every allowance for contingencies, there remains no doubt that an acre of good ground, properly cropped with plants, and well cultivated, would produce, at the most moderate computation, two tons and a half of New Zealand flax, worth 50*l.* sterling,—a most profitable return; and it should never be forgotten, that the plant is perennial, requiring only to be supplied with manure, and the ground freed from weeds, by hoeing, &c. In these times of peace, the price of foreign hemp and flax has varied from

30%. to 50%. a ton; and, during the war, has risen as high as 70%. to 120%. a ton.

"That the *Phormium tenax* will succeed well on the soil and in the climate of England, will be proved by an extract, which I may cite in confirmation, from a letter with which I have been favoured by Mr. Walters, of Bath Easton:—'I saw a plant of the *Phormium tenax* last summer, in a gentleman's garden, near Bristol, from whence numerous offsets might easily have been taken, and I obtained one which I potted, and exhibited at the Horticultural Meeting at Bath, accompanied by a specimen of the flax and twine obtained at Bristol; and the plant, being a novelty, was much admired. It was afterwards transferred to a border in my garden, where it has succeeded wonderfully, the leaves being nearly five feet in length, and four inches in breadth.'

"M. M. Faujas de St. Fond and Freycinet, with others, have endeavoured to cultivate the *Phormium tenax*, and it has succeeded to a limited extent in the south of France. It seems well adapted for an insular climate, or the sea coast; where the rigours of climate, and the sudden transitions already referred to, seem to be attempted, or subdued by the genial breeze of the ocean.

"According to Salisbury, *Phormium tenax* plants, about three years old, will yield, on an average, 36 leaves, besides offsets from the roots; and the leaves being cut down in autumn, other leaves spring up anew in the ensuing summer. Six leaves have produced one ounce weight of dry available fibres, after being scutched and cleaned; therefore, one plant of 36 leaves will yield six ounces of good flax—an acre cropped with these plants, according to Salisbury, three feet apart, will yield more than 16 cwt. The leaves are cut when full grown, macerated in water for a few days, and then passed under a weighted roller. The parent plant should be four years old before the offsets are separated, and the month of May is the best season for this purpose. Salisbury's estimate is evidently a *minimum*, and the specimen on which he has founded his calculations must have been of the most unfavourable description. In New Zealand, the leaves may be cut down three times a year, and thus three successive crops may be obtained in one season: in Jamaica, and other tropical countries, the same exuberant return may be fully calculated on. I am glad to find that Mr. Crossley, of 'Olive Mount,' near Liverpool, seriously entertains the project of cultivating this 'fine plant' on his estates in Jamaica, and if the information as to its culture, I had it in my power to impart, be found of practical use, I shall rejoice in having contributed my mite to aid the patriotic enterprise.

"As soon as the *Phormium tenax*, agree-

able to the description given by Rutherford, is cut down, the natives of New Zealand carry it home, while yet green. It is then scraped with a large muscle-shell, and the cellular substance and investing membrane or epidermis being thus removed, the fibrous part is separated by the thumb-nails, which the New Zealanders suffer to elongate for this special purpose. Combs are, however, almost entirely employed for a still more minute separation, and the leaf is sometimes held during the process between the toes. The combs employed on these occasions are not dissimilar to those employed by our wool-combers; the fibres are subsequently bleached in the sun, and become as white as snow. This plant has been prepared in Norfolk Island, under the directions of Governor King; and since that period, in considerable quantities in New South Wales, where it has also been cultivated.

"As to the question of the durability of fabrics manufactured from *Phormium tenax*, on which some degree of scepticism has been ventured, it may be added, that Captain Harris has worn the shawl from whence my specimen was obtained, upwards of twenty years in tropical countries, and it has been used as an article of dress in this country two years: the texture seems to be altogether unimpaired, and, from its present appearance, promises an almost interminable duration.

"M. Faujas de St. Fond's process for obtaining the flax is sufficiently simple. He dissolves 3 lbs. of soap in a sufficient quantity of water, and adds 25 lbs. weight of the split leaves, tied up in bundles. After these have been boiled for five hours, they are afterwards washed in running water. For the following method I am indebted to my friend Mr. J. W. Wilson, an eminent bleacher, of Barnsley, to whom I freely acknowledge my many obligations for his repeated valuable communications. The leaves being cut down, when the tips begin to fade and separate, are bound into parcels, steeped in boiling water for an hour and a half, beetled gently, and afterwards soaked in water at a temperature of about 110° F.; and, when subsequently washed with soap, a fine white fibre is obtained: it is finally bleached with chloride of lime.

"The fibres of this valuable plant seem, under proper treatment, to be susceptible of extreme subdivision and tenuity. I have in my possession a specimen of the flax prepared in this country, the fibres of which are extremely fine, and very soft and silky—such indeed as might safely be brought into competition with some of the finest varieties of continental flax in the British market. 'These, and some other vegetable fibres,' Captain Harris observes, 'produce a texture resembling that of silk, cotton, and flax; possessing the softness, flexi-

bility, and lightness of the vegetable, and nearly equalling the lustre of the animal production. They may be woven into fabrics of every description, and may be made into lace. They may be wrought as a substitute for silk, into tapestry, damask, and upholstery, with a lustre not much inferior to silk. It is quite remarkable with what rapidity the fibre may be made to pass all its intermediate processes: the plant may be shorn of its leaves in the morning, and before the sun has set, be ready for weaving into cloth.

"My own experiments corroborate the remarks made by Mr. Wilson to me, namely, that the fibres of *Phormium tenax* are sufficiently absorbent and retentive of colour. I have imparted a fine yellow colour, and also a fawn colour, to both *Phormium tenax* and *musa textilis*, both permanent; and I venture to predict that, as their value becomes better known, their superior excellence will eventually be more highly appreciated.

"The strength of the fibre of *Phormium tenax* is quite extraordinary: according to Labillardiere, the comparative strengths of various fibres are as follow:—Agave American, 7; Flax, $11\frac{3}{4}$; Hemp, $16\frac{1}{2}$; *Phormium tenax*, 23.7-10; and Silk, 24; so that it will be seen by this comparative estimate, that the New Zealand flax is almost as strong as silk, and very far surpasses that of hemp; indeed, a rope formed entirely of *Phormium tenax*, proved by the breaking machine, bore nearly double the strain of Russian hemp.

"I have seen specimens of ropes, twine, yarn, lines, sail-cloth, sacking, bed-tick, &c., made of *Phormium tenax*; also finer fabrics of various kinds, affording demonstrable evidence that its fibre is susceptible of being woven into tissues of the most delicate description, or manufactured into materials of the strongest and coarsest kind. The sails, cables, and running rigging of the beautiful model of the frigate, presented by his Majesty William the Fourth to the King of Prussia, were entirely formed from *Phormium tenax*. Captain Harris's yacht, a perfect gem in naval architecture, is supplied with a mainsail composed of three different varieties of New Zealand flax, and the cordage is made of *musa textilis*.

"The quantity of *Phormium tenax* or New Zealand flax imported into England, *via* Sydney, in the year 1826, amounted to only 60 tons; but in 1830, the imports into Sydney for the English market were 841 tons; and in 1831, the quantity reached 1,062 tons; and I believe has, at this moment, not less than 300 tons. Government so far encouraged the importation that, if I am not misinformed, the New Zealand flax was admitted free of duty, before that impost was removed from European hemp;

and I trust this fact forms a well-grounded assurance of a sincere anxiety to encourage an importation connected with the best interests of the community.

"A manufactory of *Phormium tenax*, for fabrics of various kinds, prepared with a solution for which Captain Harris obtained a patent, was opened at Great Grimsby, in 1831, and is now flourishing.

"It is wonderful to what degree of tenuity the fibre of flax has been carried and extended by the improved process recently introduced, of passing the 'roving,' as it is called, through hot water. I am informed that one pound of flax has been spun, in the kingdom of Westphalia, into yarn so fine as to extend upwards of seventy English miles; indeed, Mr. Marshall, of Leeds, in this country, has nearly approached that degree of fineness. The finest linen yarn yet spun and prepared by machinery is 240 'leas,' or about 60,000 yards to the pound weight of 16 ounces; valued at one pound sterling for 60,000 yards, or one pound weight of flax when spun into yarn. At that rate, the price of the yarn would be 2,240*l.* per ton; the original cost of the flax being two hundred guineas.

"I have a beautiful specimen of flax prepared from *Phormium tenax*, that might vie with the finest samples of Flemish flax; and of this last I have one valued at 200*l.* per ton, such as is spun into yarn on the continent for the ordinary kinds of French and Brussels lace. I am told that the finest description of flax is cultivated under cover in Westphalia, and in all probability there is a finer variety of the flax (*linum*) than that in ordinary cultivation. I was informed in some of the Italian markets, that a kind of flax, called *lino monochino*, was originally obtained from Bavaria, and, from its superior fineness, always secured the highest price. It has been said that there have been specimens of linen thread, the value of which has exceeded its weight in gold! but there is to be seen at Valenciennes, in France, two pounds weight of flaxen thread intended for the finest specimens of French lace, valued at two hundred and fifty pounds sterling! and the length of this thread is 2,390,800 feet—less than one-ninth of the radius or semidiameter of the globe."

THE NEW LIGHT FOR ARTISTS.

A LECTURE has recently been delivered by Mr. Bachhaffner, at the Artists' Society, on the subject of a pure, white light produced from the ignition of the oxygen and hydrogen gases in a mixed state on a surface of white lime. The lecturer enumerated a number of disadvantages attendant upon the use of carburetted hydrogen gas, among which were the following: the very impure nature of the

light; the great heat evolved; and the quantity of unconsumed carbon. The greatest effect from the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen, (said Mr. Bachhoffner,) is produced when they are united in the exact proportion in which they enter into the composition of water; namely, one part of oxygen to two of hydrogen in bulk; or eight of oxygen to one of hydrogen in weight. The light produced from this combination of gases is almost free from those objections to which the ordinary light now in use are subject; its rays are nearly white, by which means the object is presented to the eye of the beholder in every respect similar to its appearance in the daytime; though the heat is very intense at the actual point of combustion, it is scarcely felt a few inches from the light; and there is no unconsumed carbon to injure neighbouring objects. The only obstacle which has hitherto stood in the way of its employment, is the danger which exists in mixing these two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, in any considerable quantities, for, when united, on being presented to a burning substance, they explode with tremendous force. To avoid this evil, it was projected by Professor Daniel, that the two gases should be kept in two separate vessels during the whole time of use, and only suffered to unite through very minute apertures, in almost immeasurable, small quantities, at the actual point of consumption. Although he succeeded in partly carrying his ingenious project into effect by means of a very neat contrivance, it was not of a nature adapted to general use, on account of the enormous consumption of the gases which it involved. This practical dilemma has since been overcome by Mr. Maugham, of the Gallery of Practical Science. His contrivance consists of two gasometers, in which the two gases are respectively contained, from each of which proceeds a tube; these two tubes converge towards another, and to outward appearance unite in one, though their respective gases are still kept distinct, by passing through two concentric tubes, which emit a minute jet of each, through a small chamber provided with a valve at the back of the point of ignition. Each of these tubes is furnished with a stop-cock, by means of which the supply is regulated in the proper proportions. But the combustion of these two gases would be attended with little or no light, were it not for the presence of a piece of white lime at the point of combustion, which is made to revolve, in order to present continually a new surface to the action of the jet. — W. G. C.

Perfumes.—Blessed be the man, whose beneficent providence gave the flowers another life! We seem to retain their love, when their beauty has departed.

The Naturalist.

CULTURE OF THE POPPY IN CHINA.

THE following account of the growth of the poppy, and the introduction of opium into China, appears in the *Pekin Gazette* :—

Shao-ching-hwath, censor, superintendent of roads, &c., in Keangnan province, presents this statement, in order to obtain the Imperial will on the subject of which it treats. Opium is produced beyond the seas, and, at the first was reckoned only occasionally in the list of medicines; afterwards, villanous people enticed others to make use of it; and the contaminating practice has passed from one person to another, till it has spread over the whole country: it is, indeed, a *flowing poison* of no slight influence. Traitorous natives have also lately engaged in planting the poppy, and producing opium for sale. The district Tse-chow-foo, in my native province, Che-keang, is that in which the planters are most numerous; and the next to it are the districts Ning-po-foo, Shao-hing-foo, Yen-chow-foo, and Wan-chow-foo, in the same province. I have heard that the following is the method of producing it: the poppy seed is sown in the tenth month of the year, and in the fourth month of the following year, when the capsules or heads begin to grow, they are cut open, and a white matter taken out. In this manner may be obtained from one mow,* four or five catties of juice, which, being boiled, is formed into a clayey substance. The juice thus obtained is, in Tse-chow-foo, called the Tao juice. There are some also who obtain opium from the various genera of Kwei-hwa;† and this kind is hence called Kwei juice. Both these are just the same as the opium brought from beyond sea, and there are large companies of petty traffickers, who go about to every place selling them, and thus knowingly opposing the laws. If, at the commencement, it be considered a trivial matter, and not interdicted, it will become, in the next place, so general, that Government will be afraid to interfere. For the said people run after gain like flocks of wild ducks; and it is calculated that from an acre planted with the poppy, they gain ten times as much as from an acre planted with the paddy. The people, therefore, presuming on the government officers not issuing strict prohibitions, go to the utmost excesses, without the least fear; in all the cities, villages, hamlets, and market-places, in the region named, there remains no place not planted with poppies; and men and women, old and young, one and all, are employed in the production and sale of opium. Thus, in less than ten years, it has spread over these several districts,

* A Chinese acre.

† Alcen or hollyhock, and Hibiscus.



(The Winfarthing Old Oak.)

not only bringing injury on the good, but also greatly hindering the use of the plough.
W. G. C.

THE WINFARTHING OLD OAK.

Mr. Loudon, in the *Gardener's Magazine*, has, with his usual industry, assembled the particulars of many celebrated Oaks in this country, with the object of ascertaining to what species or variety these trees properly belong. From one of the Correspondents who has replied to Mr. Loudon's inquiries, we obtain the annexed portrait of the famous oak at Winfarthing, near Diss, in Norfolk, and the following information respecting its antiquity:—

"Of the age of this remarkable tree," observes Mr. Loudon's Correspondent, "I regret to be unable to give any correct data. I remember when a boy, hearing that it was called the Old Oak at the time of the Conquest; but, on what authority, I could never learn. Nevertheless, the thing is not impossible, if the speculations of certain writers on the ages of trees be at all correct. Thomas South, Esq., in a letter to the Bath Society, says, that 'a tree, which at 300 years old was sound, and five feet in diameter, would, if left to perish gradually, in its thousandth year, become a shell of ten feet in diameter.' Upon this calculation, 47 feet in circumference cannot be less than 1,500 years old."

"It is equally probable," says Mr. Strutt, in his *Sylva Britannica*, "that it should be

more. Mr. Markham calculated the Bentley Oak to be 1,500 years old, when it was thirty-four feet in circumference." An inscription on a brass plate affixed to the Winfarthing Oak, gives us the following as its dimensions:—"This oak is, in circumference, at the extremity of the roots, 70 ft.; in the middle, 40 ft.—1830." Now I see no reason, if the size of the trunk is to be any criterion of age, why the Winfarthing Oak should not, at least, equal the Bentley Oak; and, if so, it would be upwards of 700 years old at the time of the Conquest. It is now a mere shell, a mighty ruin, 'bleached to a snowy white;' but it is magnificent in its decay. The only mark of vitality it exhibits is on the south side, where a narrow strip of bark sends forth the few branches shown in the Engraving, which even now occasionally produce acorns. It is said to be very much altered of late; but I own I did not think so when I saw it about a month ago, (May, 1836,) and my acquaintance with the veteran is of more than forty years standing,—an important portion of my life, but a mere span of its own."

The Public Journals.

SONNET—CHURCH ORNAMENTS.

By Richard Howitt.

The Virgin-Mother from her niche was thrown
In the grey tower, and in her arms her child,
The Son of God, the meek, the undefined,
Which stood for ages piously in stone;

And now with ivy is the place o'ergrown.

Time, who beheld the ravage, sternly smiled,
And Nature shuddered—yet, soon reconciled,
Embraced the desolation as her own.

Thus many a symbol of the painful cross,
And many a sculptured, saintly form and face,
False zeal fanatic added to our loss.

O Time! with soft and reverend touch erase,
Sad, lingeringly, what ruin must engross,
And the rude spare not—types of inner grace.

SONNET—SLEEP AND DEATH.

By Richard Howitt.

O SLEEP! delicious closer of sad eyes,

Thou that dost make Care's heavy burden light;

Sorrow's calm haven; that dost clear the sight;

To see fresh glory in the morning skies:

Did I not love thee I should be unwise;

For, when I start from thee in the still night,

Thou wretchest near me like an angel bright,

Divine and endless in sweet mysteries.

Death, were thy bed as pleasant, I would steep

My aching temples in thy slumbers, Death!

In that thy rest is dreamless and more deep;

But then thou breathest not morn's od'rous breath,

Joyous and oft-recurring—when from sleep

Lightly we rise—glad hours I fain would keep.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH regard to Shakespeare, (says Göthe,) I believe it is the wisest criticism to say nothing at all. Anything that can be said falls infinitely short of the mark. In Wilhelm Meister, I made a few pencillings that were not altogether without meaning; but one or two good lines are very far from being a portrait. Shakespeare, however popular on the stage, is not, properly speaking, a theatrical poet; he seems never to have spent a thought on the convenience or necessities of the stage: such a sphere was far too narrow for his mighty spirit—yea, the whole visible world was too narrow for him.

His riches and his power transcend so far our vulgar measure, that it is dangerous for inferior minds to have much to do with him. It is enough for a man of productive genius to read only one piece of his every year. I acted wisely in shaking myself free of him with Götz von Berlichingen and Egmont; and Byron was led by the same instinct to follow his own way, and entertain no greater respect for Shakespeare than was necessary. He and Calderon have been the ruin of many honest Germans.

Shakespeare gives us golden apples in silver salvers. We make a study of his works, and thereby get possession of the silver salvers; but we have nothing of our own but potatoes to put into them.

Of all Shakespeare's pieces, I think Macbeth is decidedly the best adapted for the stage. But would you become acquainted with the true freedom of his spirit, you must read Troilus and Cressida, and see with what a master hand he moulded the materials of the Iliad.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

BALLOONS AND RAILWAYS.

(From lively Sketches, entitled "the World we live in," in Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE balloons have done their duty; the season is over; but if, like other triumphs, they must take to earth again, it must be acknowledged that they have kept on gallantly to the last moment. Why is it that the balloon, so much commemorated in the lower ranks of literature, has been so little honoured by the higher? The historians who chalk walls with records at once so showy, yet so brief,—those elevators of knowledge to the eyes of the rising generation, who paste their placards so high, that while nothing but a telescope can read them, nothing but the top of the Monument or the dome of St. Paul's can hope to escape those bearers of the brilliant novelties of the lettered world, who march through the streets with placards on poles, or posted on their backs,—are hitherto the only champions of this showy contrivance for rising over the heads of mankind. Darwin alone, of all our poets, good or bad, has attempted to pay the national debt of gratitude. His lines, too, are among the best he ever wrote—striking, poetical, and picturesque. The theme is the ascent of Montgolfier.

"Lo! on the shoreless air the intrepid Gaul
Launched the vast concave of his buoyant ball:
Journeying on high the silken castle glides
Bright as a meteor thro' the azure tides;
O'er towns and towers and temples was its way,
Or mounts sublime, and glides the vault of day.
Silent, with upturned eyes, unbreathing crowds
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds,
And flushed with transport, or benumbed with fear,
Watch, as it rises, the diminished sphere.
Now less and less—and now a speck is seen,
And now the floating rack obtrudes between."

From this view of the gazing multitude below, the description turns spiritedly to the comfortable condition of the navigator above. The lines are still clever.

"The calm philosopher in ether sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes serener gales,
Sees, like a map, in many a waving line,
Round Earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine,
Sees at his feet the forked lightning's glow,
And hears innocuous thunders roll below."

The fancies of the time were so elated with the discovery of the balloon that the gravest philosophers talked like children in a nursery at the first sight of a rocking horse. They thought that they could ride round the universe. The moon, the sun, and the stars, were to be visited with the regularity of the "London dilly, carrying six insides," and the man who condescended to live on earth without meditating a visit to the Dogstar, was looked on as a remarkably dull personage. The poet was palpably of the same opinion.

"Rise, great Montgolfier, urge thy venturous flight
High o'er the moon's pale ice-reflected light;
High o'er the pearly star, whose beaming horn
Hangs in the East, thy harbinger of morn;
Leave the red eye of Mars on rapid wing;
Jove's silver guards, and Saturn's dusky ring;

Leave the fair beams, which issuing from afar,
 Play with new lustres round the Georgian Star;
 Skim with strong cars the Sun's attractive throne,
 The sparkling sodiac and the milky throne.
 Where headlong comets with increasing force
 Thro' other systems bend their blazing course,
 For these Cassiope h-r chair withdraws,
 For these the Bear retracts his shaggy paws,
 High o'er the North thy golden orb shall roll,
 And blaze eternal round the wandering Pole."

These are fine lines, though fantastic, and certainly not uniting the prophetic power with the poetical. It is remarkable, as if to tell human vanity how very trifling an affair it is, that the balloon, of all the showy contrivances of the last half century, is that which, with the most tempting capabilities, has been the least improved. The notion of stretching away for the moon, it was soon felt, would involve only famine, freezing, and a tumble to the top of some lunar mountain, or into the bowels of some lunar volcano, if the vessel ever reached the port. But the want of atmosphere would settle the question long before. Perhaps the height of the Himmaleh is as much as any gas which we can manage would be ever able to reach, and this certainly makes but a small part of the 230,000 miles between Vauxhall gardens and the moon's nearest horn.

Yet who shall say that the same air which carries a raven, a lumbering bird, or an eagle, as heavy as a lamb, and sometimes both lamb and eagle, may not yet be able to carry machinery enough to move a balloon, "according to the way it should go?" Green's balloon now carries up the cognoscenti of Lambeth marsh by the dozen, at so much a head, takes them down to Essex (there being of course some understanding on the subject with the inn-keepers and country gentlemen), suspends them in ecstasy over the river, gives them the pleasing variety of a flight with a fair wind for the Chops of the Channel, then turns coolly round, and drops them in a field at Chelmsford or Canterbury, just in time for tea at the principal inn, and a triumphal entry into Vauxhall exactly at supper.

If this balloon is powerful enough to carry twenty people, which is said, we shall probably soon see some little steam apparatus superseding the crowd, and a steersman and a stoker urging their swift and solitary way with the mail-bags from Dover to Dalmatia, while a branch-balloon carries the news of the world from Calais to Constantinople, Caffaria, Coromandel, Cochin China, and with a slight bend to the south, to California and home. This would be a glorious sweep. But what would become of the wisdom of the world below? What would be the consternation of all the little German highnesses on finding that all their little precautions against the *entrée* of books, papers, and politicians were set at naught by a new steam-coach, travelling five miles above their heads, and sending down trunks and travellers every five

minutes per parachute? What would become of the thousands of meagre clerks who sit shivering all day in their little dingy offices, living on the fees which they can extort in the shape of passports? A flying castle in the clouds would extinguish them and their captious trade together, sweep over boundaries and ramparts at the rate of forty miles an hour, and require nothing but a basket and a rope to hoist the victim of the Alien Office beyond the reach of all the gens-d'armes of the continent.

Yet is this all to be a dream? Are the powers of this great machine to be wasted for ever on a holiday show? On dropping Dukes of Brunswick out and taking Cockneys in? On gathering guineas into the pocket of the future Mr. Grahams, and putting their future wives wide and wild between the sky and the earth? Are we never to have the power of traversing the deserts of the South, the forests of the West, and the snows of the North, without the slow travel, the long labour, and the torturing disease? Are we never to have the means of varying our climate even without passing from our land; of shooting up from the fervours of a feverish summer into regions where no cloud intercepts the sun, and yet where eternal freshness reigns? Of meeting the morning, not in the mists of our heavy capitals, but in the rosy lights of the ethereal Aurora? Of resting above the mountains, and looking down with philosophic delight on the infinite variety of form, life, and beauty below? Of sailing in our meteor-ship among the world of meteors, and floating among the golden and vermilion canopies of that "great solidan," the sun, as he slumbers on the west? What a vast, various, and lovely increase to the enjoyments, the knowledge, and the social affections of man would be given by this power of rapid transit, beyond all the harsh restraints of human domination, the difficulties of space, and almost the expenditure of time! Yet, are we in a condition to be trusted with such a power? Might it not be turned into a dreadful means of hostility? Might it not pour conflagration on sleeping cities, bring sudden invasion, shed poison in all our streams, fling infection in all our fields, and exhaust us in perpetual vigilance, without hope and without use, until we deprecated the power and deplored the luckless day when man, wisely deprived of wings by nature, invested himself with this new and terrible faculty of mutual destruction? It is scarcely possible to conceive that so fine an invention as the balloon would have been placed in our hands to be for ever worthless; to tempt us by its apparent powers, and disappoint us by its real inutility. Or may not its perfection be reserved for that happier era when peace shall be felt to be the commanding policy as much as it is the true interest of

all nations; when sacred wisdom shall be the unfailing guide of public council, and benevolent honesty the great principle of empire? Then, and then alone, would there be an un-mixed good in the possession of this noble instrument of communicating at will with all the peoples of the earth; in surmounting, with the ease of an eagle's wing, all the intervening barriers of mountain and desert; and with a still more prolonged and productive flight, passing over oceans, and conveying to the ends of the earth the knowledge, the charities, and the sympathies of the great family of man.

In the meantime the steam-carriage, that earthly balloon, is preparing to take a higher character for speed. The London and Bristol Railway Company have announced that they will sweep over hill and dale at the rate of forty miles an hour. And it is stated by some of our engineers, that this is but a mitigated speed; that twice the velocity might be easily obtained; and that, in fact, there is no limit but the weakness of the materials to the rapidity communicable to the engine. It is to be presumed, also, that in a period when railways are stretching over every county of England, and the minds of all scientific men are fixed almost wholly on the powers of steam, discoveries will be made in rendering those powers more applicable; that not merely greater velocity, but less expense, will be among the results; and, as the consequence, that the steam-carriage will be brought within the means of private life. This would, indeed, open a vast access of pleasure, profit, and power to mankind; almost extinguish distance; give the humbler classes of society a means of movement in every direction, of health, indulgence, or business; relieve man of the chief part of those toils which now, instead of invigorating, wear down the frame; save the enormous expense, waste, and trouble of cattle for labour; assist largely in cultivating the soil, and, by making every corner of our fine country accessible to all at will, would, in a few years, turn England into a garden, and, if the minds of men were capable of being softened by the bounties of heaven, that garden into a paradise.

WORLD-WEARINESS.

Come, death, and leave the couch of beauty,
Spread horror through no region blest:
Here do thy seasonable duty—
A grave for this old man were best.

Compelled unwillingly to linger,
Unloved, a tree with branches sore,
Come, and with sweet, oblivious finger,
Death, do thine office here.

For gone are all with whom he mated,
Nor wife nor child now o'er him bend,
Though unto many long related,
Thou art his only friend.

Thick grows the film upon his vision;
Cold flows the blood his veins within;
Pale porter of the gates Elysian!
Thou art his next of kin.

Around him grows the scene more dreary,
Darker the clouds come o'er his west;
Hard is thy bed, but he is weary,
And sound will be his rest.

Metropolitans.

RICHARD HOWITT.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.

[*The terminus* of the SUPPLEMENT, published with our last Number, compelled us to break off somewhat abruptly in our notice of this admirable Annual for youth. We then proposed quoting another specimen from the prose, by a favourite author—and here it is.]

The Rose of Jericho.—By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D.

D.—What kind of a flower is the rose of Jericho?

F.—It is improperly called by a name to which it has no pretensions: nor does it make one of the many hundred species and varieties of that beautiful flower.

D.—Then, why is it so called?

F.—From a partial resemblance which it bears to its shape in its dried state—the fresh plant has not the most distant affinity to it.

D.—What kind of a plant, then, is the rose of Jericho?

F.—It is a small annual which grows in the East. It scarcely attains the height of three or four inches, and flowers in June. The stems it throws up are numerous, woody, and generally trichotomous, that is, each forming a triple branch. The flowers are small, without stems, and sitting, as it were, in the angles made by the branches with one another, and consist of four, minute, white petals, set in the form of a cross. When these fall away, they leave a small pod behind them, called a silicle, like that which you have seen in the common weed, called "Shepherd's Pouch," with two little seeds in each cell.

D.—And is the rose of Jericho—of which the French have written novels, and I have always had such a grand idea—nothing more than an insignificant little weed?

F.—Nature has endued this little weed with curious properties, which render it far more interesting than any rose, however fine and beautiful.

D.—What are they?

F.—When the seeds are shed, the plant dries up, and in that state it draws itself up together like a closed hand, assuming, altogether, a fanciful resemblance to the shape of a rose, and hence its name.

D.—But why is it called the rose of Jericho?

F.—Because it was first found in Pales-

tine, in the plain where that ancient city stood : but it is also met with on the shores of the Red Sea.

D.—But what renders it an object of curiosity?

F.—As long as it continues in a dry and cold state, it retains its globular form ; but it is sometimes torn up by the winds, or washed away by torrents, and when it is by this means carried into water, particularly if it be a pool, and warmer than the usual temperature of the air, it seems to be endued with new life, expands its branches, scatters about its seeds which had been inclosed in their dry cells, and covers the shore with young plants, which in their turn undergo similar changes. This singular property of the power of reviving after it was apparently dead, and which it retains for many years, has given rise to extraordinary stories.

D.—Can you tell me any of them?

F.—At the time of the Crusades, pilgrims and palmers, as they were called, who went travelling about the world to visit holy places, and to make or find miraculous things ; as soon as they discovered the natural properties of this little plant, immediately converted them into something supernatural. They affirmed that this power of expansion was conferred upon it by God as a miracle to convert unbelievers. They said it opened its stems at Christmas Eve, to salute the birth of our Saviour, and remained in that state till Easter, to do homage to his resurrection ; of which latter circumstance its revival from a state of death was a miraculous type or representation ; and this opinion they founded on a passage of the Apocrypha, " I was exalted like a rose of Jericho." It was from this circumstance it took its name of *Anastasia*, or "The plant of the resurrection," and *Hierochunta*, because it was found in the Holy Land.

D.—Do you remember any other story told of it?

F.—Yes, a remarkable one, which some people believe to this day. The Virgin Mary, they said, had graciously conferred upon it another privilege of vast importance to all her sex in the most critical and interesting moment of their lives, when they were about to become mothers, that of ascertaining the result of their confinement. If it be immersed in water during that period, it will either expand, or remain closed ; if the former, the event will be happy, and both child and mother will live ; if the latter, it will be unhappy, and one or both will die. Hence it was called by the Latin monks of Mount Sinai, *Manus Maria*, "the hand of Mary ;" and by the Arabs, who adopted the superstition from them, *Kaf Marjam*, which signifies the same thing. For both these reasons it was sought after with great avidity by

every person who visited the East, particularly palmers, who, on their return from paying a visit to the holy sepulchre, never failed to bring back with them a rose of Jericho to the pious and faithful mothers of Europe, who firmly believed in its unerring predictions ; and who, for more than a century, eagerly sought for it, and used it with the most perfect confidence whenever they could procure it.

D.—And did any person of sense believe in it?

F.—Several persons who have published an account of their travels, mention it among the wonderful curiosities which they had seen. Le Bruin, a Frenchman, who visited Palestine in the year 1765, thus writes about it : "Whereas it is customary for the pilgrims to furnish themselves with several things that are rarities in their own countries, either to present to their friends, or for other reasons, I likewise brought several ; and, among the rest, the rose of Jericho ;" and he goes on to detail its miraculous properties, such as I have described them to you.

D.—And did every traveller believe them?

F.—No ; some were sceptical. Bellonius, another Frenchman, in enumerating the wonders he had seen in the East, describes the valley in which our Saviour was tempted, and notices this plant. He details the stories told about its miraculous qualities, and concludes by denying them all as connected with anything supernatural, and derides their absurdity. He was followed by many other writers and travellers, who were all curious to ascertain its real properties, divested of superstitious exaggeration.

D.—Did you ever see the plant?

F.—I did ; and I also witnessed the exceeding credulity of many, otherwise sensible, persons upon the subject. In some countries on the Continent, and in Ireland, the plant is, at this day, resorted to in order to ascertain the result of a woman's confinement. I and my family were well acquainted with a very respectable lady in Carrick-on-Suir, in the county of Tipperary, who had one of these plants. It was brought from the Holy Land by her uncle, who was a Roman Catholic bishop, whose see was in the East, and he went to visit it. Among other valuable things, he brought home a plant of the rose of Jericho, which, for half a century, was in the highest repute in the neighbourhood, and no woman of any respectability was confined without sending for it. It was taken to the house with great ceremony, and security given for its safe return. During the interesting period, it was anxiously watched by the family, and its expansion observed with the greatest joy, and eagerly reported to the expecting mother. Whether the satisfaction its announcement communicated might have enabled the person to bear her situation bet-

W. J. S. Oct. 1866.

ter, and so have really contributed to the happy result by the confidence it inspired, I cannot say, but certainly I never heard its veracity questioned, or faith in its predictions weakened; and among those who entered the world under its auspices, was a gentleman, I am assured, who is now a member of the imperial parliament.

D.—I wonder you never brought a specimen of so curious a plant from the East?

F.—Your wonder will cease, then, when I inform you I brought two; one was for a lady who was exceedingly curious about it, and gave me a commission on the subject. How many times her rose was sent for and tried, I cannot pretend to say; but, I confess, that which remained with me, never was applied to such a purpose. It has now been fifteen years in my possession, and I know not what was its age when I gathered it in an arid and apparently lifeless state, yet it has never shown any symptoms of decay; and, whenever I immerse it in water, which I often do for the amusement of friends, it always expands as effectually, and recovers an appearance of vegetable life as completely, as when I first obtained it.

[In the poetical department, we find the following delightful]

SONG OF THE WILD BEE.

By Allan Cunningham.

I COME the lord of beauty: all
Spring's buds and blossoms wake at my call;
I come the lord of song: my strain
Calls music to the world again.
Dew-born from earth the lily springs,
Joyous in heaven the lark's song sings:
The honey'd oak, the hawthorn-tree,
An odorous homage yield to me.
Nay, even the thyme which scents the feet
Of sauntering bard in musings sweet
Has brimmed, ere well the sun was up,
With nect'rous drink my balmy cup.
I reign the king of summer: where
Is there a flower which scents the air,
On southern vale, or northern brae,
By gliding Thames, or rushing Tay,
That dares refuse in joy to bring
Its hon'ry'd tribute to my wing?
Just when June's sun begins to blink,
From England's rose large draughts I drink;
From Scotland's martial emblem, I
Sip golden drops and load my thigh;
For me it buds, for me it blows,
The proudest flower the sunshine knows.
I'm fair to look upon; behold
My bright brown back, bedrop'd with gold!
My bosom, silver-scaled and dun;
My wings, like dew dried in the sun;
My belly barred with many a ring,
And armed, too,—fly or feel my sting!
The foxglove is my home: I dwell,
And sing, too, in the blue hare-bell.
When winter comes, and snows are deep,
In Earth's warm bosom sound I sleep,
To wake when shepherd's foot can hide
Three daisies on Loch Ettrick's side.

[The Plates are pretty and appropriate; and the success of the present volume will we hope be an inducement to Mrs. Hall to continue her instructive entertainment for the juveniles.]

New Books.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN. (Concluded from page 319.)

[We string together a few of the gems of sentiment, and talent for observation, with which Lady Blessington has studied this truly elegant work.]

Retrospection.—There is a pleasure, though it is a very melancholy one, in remembering the days of our youth, those days when we could feel—*mentally*, I mean; for, most assuredly, senility is not devoid of its physical sensations, however its intellectual ones may be blunted. My regrets remind me of the old French woman, who said, "*Ah que je regrette ces bons vieux temps lorsque j'étois si malheureuse.*"

Ridicule and Vanity.—It never for one moment occurred to me, that her hypocrisy, in thus ridiculing those whom she openly encouraged, was reprehensible; or that, probably, she was equally severe in her animadversions on me during my absence. No: vanity, gratified vanity, prevented my discovery of aught, except that *she* was charming, and that I must be the preferred, or she would never have thus selected me as the confidant of her real opinion of her admirers.

Courtship.—If all about to assume the holy tie of matrimony were to analyze their motives for seeking it, how few would find them stand the test of reason; or how few dare to conjecture the probable duration of the sentiment—if sentiment such fancies may be denominated—that led to it.

Listening.—So certain is the crime of listening to carry its own punishment, that there is no positive prohibition against it: we are commanded not to commit other sins, but this one draws down its own correction, and wo be to him who infringes it.

Jewels.—How strange appears to us the passion for jewels inherent in women in all countries and times. The extent to which it was indulged in Rome, is proved by Julius Cæsar having passed a law forbidding unmarried women to wear them. One would suppose, that a similar prohibition existed in England, inferring from the impatience the generality of our young ladies evince to be married, and the pleasure they take, when this perilous desideratum has been attained, in displaying a profusion of jewels on their persons.

Suspicion.—The generality of suspicious persons are more irritated than gratified, at discovering innocence in the individual whom they had prejudged to have been guilty.

Servants.—Could gentlemen but know how they debase themselves, even in the eyes of their own servants, when they allow them to discover their vices, how careful would they be, if not to amend, at least to conceal them; for, their menials must become either the

censors, or assistants of them, and that they should be either, is most degrading to a master.

Vanity.—Vanity is a primitive weakness; but suspicion is a failing acquired by that worldly wisdom, which few ever attained, except at the price of this mean vice.

Women.—Women like to inspire *hopeless* passions; for, even the most mundane of the sweet sex, always retain some portion of the pristine romance of their characters: just as flowers, though withered and faded, still retain some faint remnant of their native perfume.

A Hand.—She held out a hand—oh! what a hand! small, plump, dimpled, and fair, as ever met the light. Not the dull, dead white, produced by the constant use of almond paste, cold cream, and half a hundred other cosmetics; not that opaque white which marks the generality of fine ladies' hands, and indicates the want of circulation, arising from idleness. No, hers was so beautifully and delicately tinted with a pale pink, that it looked like the interior of a maiden blush rose.

Love is, I think, like fever, one severe attack leaves the patient subject to relapses through youth; and each succeeding one renders him more weakened, and, consequently, more exposed to future assaults.

Selfishness.—Man is ever selfish, ever solely regardless of his own gratification; glowing over the crimes that administer to his pleasures, and condemning them with unmitigated severity when they have ceased to be desirable.

Advantages of Goodness.—One of the almost numberless advantages of goodness is, that it blinds its possessor to many of those faults in others which could not fail to be detected by the morally defective. A consciousness of unworthiness renders people extremely quick-sighted in discerning the vices of their neighbours; as persons can easily discover in others the symptoms of those diseases beneath which they themselves have suffered.

I have remarked that people who wear craking shoes or boots, are precisely those who are the most addicted to locomotion.

Duty.—What can be more dutiful, than a youthful creature who marries a rich old man to please her parents; and conquers her love for a young man, because she remembers the old husband was good and kind to her.

The Gatherer.

Light Sovereigns.—It is not generally known that the Bank of England weight of 100 sovereigns is 200 grains less than that of the Royal Mint; if they weigh less than that, they are invariably refused as light. The Bank weight of a single sovereign, (a

quarter of an ounce,) is exactly two grains lighter than that of the Mint: such difference being allowed for the wear by friction, to which the coin is liable whilst in circulation; but if the wear exceed two grains, there is good reason for believing that unfair means have been used in the diminution of weight, either by the use of the file, or by what is technically termed *sweating*.—*Morning Herald*.

Railway between Brussels and Paris.

This proposed undertaking is said to find favour with the French Government. King Leopold is much interested in it, and its promotion is now said to be one of the main objects of his late visit to Paris. His Belgian Majesty has found a mine of wealth in the Antwerp and Brussels railway, of which he is a large shareholder.

The King of the Vultures.—Every flock of 300 vultures is always found to contain one distinct in plumage from the rest, who feeds first; and should any of the others, having discovered a carrion in his absence, commence eating, they always retire on his approach to a respectful distance, until his appetite is satisfied. His majesty of the vultures always conducts himself with becoming deportment and dignity, and is never seen to associate with his vassals.

An Indelible Red.—*Parmelia Omphalodes*, a species of lichen, immediately imparts to volatile alkali, a tawny red which "remains," says Dr. Walker, "after the substance that extracted it is gone; it is not in the least impaired by long exposure to the air; nor can it be either destroyed or changed by acids, alkalies or alcohol. A most singular property! as there is no red dye in use that remains unaltered by these powerful liquors."

This lichen, we think, might be successfully used in making an indelible red ink, an article much wanted, as the generality of that in common use soon fades, and is easily obliterated by acids, &c. J. H. F.

A proud Heart.—Mathews, whose powers in conversation, and whose flow of anecdote in private life transcended even his public efforts, told a variety of tales of the Kingswood colliers, (Kingswood is near Bristol,) in one of which he represented an old collier looking for some of the implements of his trade, exclaiming, "Jan, what's thee mother done with the new coal sacks?"—"Made pillows on 'em," replied the son.—"Confound her proud heart," rejoins the collier, "why could she not take th' ould ones?"—*Morning Chronicle*.

Hint to Wine-bibbers.—Maplett in his *Green Forest, or A Natural History* (1567), says it is reported "that the ele being killed and addressed in wine, whosoever chanceth to drinke of that wine so used, shall ever after lothe wine." J. H. F.

Listening.—The Spanish soldiers were formerly accustomed to listen to the conversation of the enemy's sentinels, placed at a great distance from them, by means of a long ear-trumpet placed on the ground.—W.G.C.

Retort.—A nobleman who had the character of not possessing much courage, one day asked a miser, what pleasure he experienced in hoarding up so many guineas, and not making use of them? "I find as many charms in them," replied he, "as you do in carrying a sword."

Ancient Merchandise.—During the reign of Henry II., (says Fitz Stephen,) the following were among the merchandise imported into the city of London: namely, gold, spices, and frankincense, from Arabia; purple drapery from India; palm-oil from Bagdad; precious stones from Egypt; wines from France; furs of various sorts from Russia and Norway; and arms from Scythia.

W. G. C.

Dr. Parr, in a letter to a friend, says, "There is certainly one or two luxuries to which I am addicted; the first is a shoulder of mutton, not over-roasted nor under-roasted, and richly encrusted with flour and salt; the second is a plain suet pudding; the third is a plain family plum-pudding; and the fourth a kind of high festival dish, consists in hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce."

Something Pleasant.—What a comforting prospect for children is offered in an advertisement of a school, in a country paper, the latter part of which we transcribe verbatim:—"The Boarders enjoy every domestic comfort, with the constant attendance of the Master. No VACATIONS." We hope the young gentlemen educated at ——— House, duly appreciate these indulgences.—M. L. B.

The Past.

Wilt thou forget the happy hours,
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold,
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould,
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves—the hopes that yet remain.
—Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it!
—Memories, that make the heart a tomb—
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.—Shelley.

Smoking.—A Kentuckian visited a merchant at New York, with whom after dinner he drank wine and smoked cigars, spitting over the carpet much to the annoyance of his host, who desired a spittoon to be brought and placed under the nose of his visitor, who deliberately pushed it away with his foot, and when it was replaced he kicked it away again, quite unaware of its use. When it had been thrice replaced, the Kentuckian drewled out to the servant who had brought it: "I tell you what, you've been pretty considerable

troublesome with that ere thing, I guess; if you put it there again, I'm hung if I don't spit in it."

Effect of Politics.—In contentions for power, the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped, and trodden down. Domestic affections can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics, than flowers can find nourishment in the pavement of the streets.

Folly of Physicians.—Eunides is certain I can only recover my health by composure. Foolish man! as if composure were more easy to recover than health. Was there ever such a madman as to say: "You will never have the use of your limbs again, unless you walk and run!"

Epitaph.—The following inscription is on a tombstone, in Frindsbury churchyard, near Rochester, in Kent, on Mrs. Lee and her son Tom:—

In her life, she did her best;
Now I hope her soul's at rest:
Also her son Tom lies at her feet,
He liv'd till he made both ends meet.—L.P.S.

Poets.—There are few who possess all the poetry of every voluminous author. * * Few consider, that every page of a really great poet, has something in it which distinguishes him from an inferior order; something, which if insubstantial as the aliment, serves at least as a solvent to the aliment, of strong and active minds.

Omitted Praise.—If we are capable of showing what is good in another, and neglect to do it, we omit a duty; we omit to give rational pleasure, and to conciliate right good will: nay, more, we are abettors, if not aiders, in the vilest fraud, the fraud of purloining from respect. We are entrusted with letters of great interest; what a baseness not to deliver them!

Ear-rings.—The goddesses are right to wear them, their ears are marble; but I do not believe any one of them would tell us, that women were made to be the settings of pearls and emeralds.

Just published, with upwards of 100 Cuts, price 5s.,
THE JUVENILE EVERY-DAY BOOK;

AND,

Treasury of Entertainment and Instruction for Young Persons.

"This is a very pretty and useful little volume. It may truly be called a book for every day, for it would be impossible to open it without finding some matter of amusement or profit. There is all possible variety of selection, and made in excellent judgment. The wood-cuts are very clever. Altogether, we most heartily commend the volume to our juvenile readers."
—Literary Gazette, Sept. 3.

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